

A TRAMP'S TRAVELS.
A "WORLD" REPORTER, DISGUISED IN RAGS AND WITHOUT MONEY, JOURNEYS ALONG THE COUNTRY ROADS FROM MAINE TO NEW YORK.
READ THE SUNDAY WORLD
Arrested in Connecticut for Vagrancy and Treated with Varying Hospitality at the Farm Houses, He Tells the Pleasures and Miseries of a Tramp's Life.

PRICE ONE CENT.

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Every Inch Stubbornly Contested by the Titania.

The Fleet Racers Indulge in Graceful Manoeuvres.

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On they came, tearing through the water like a pair of steamboats. Slowly and surely the white sail gained. Katrina's stern was over the Katrina's stern. Another minute and her bow was even with Katrina's stern. Suddenly the mast of the black sloop was seen to assume the perpendicular, her sails dropped and she began to windward. Katrina's stern was over the Katrina's stern. Another minute and her bow was even with Katrina's stern. Suddenly the mast of the black sloop was seen to assume the perpendicular, her sails dropped and she began to windward.

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MRS. FITCH.

Ten Jurymen Unwilling to Believe Her Husband's Charges.

Disagreement Ends the Remarkable Divorce Case.

The Jury Discharged and a New Trial Ordered in October.

The jury in the trial of the suit of Charles S. Fitch against his wife, Maude P. Fitch, for absolute divorce, were instructed by Justice Barrett to seal their findings. Mrs. Fitch was not in court when the envelope was opened this morning, but Fitch and Daniel Dougherty and Col. Ingersoll, the counsel for both sides, were present.

The jury retired at 3.45 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and at 5 o'clock Judge Barrett instructed the Court officers to keep the jury locked up until 11.30. At 11.30 they stood as they had all through innumerable balloting, ten of the jurors believing the wife guiltless and two being just as firmly convinced of her perjury.

The jury were dismissed, and Justice Barrett set the case down for a retrial the first week in October. Meantime, the issues of fact will be framed upon the charges of immoral conduct brought by Mrs. Fitch, and upon which she had asked for a bill of separation prior to the beginning of this action for absolute divorce by her husband.

Col. Ingersoll remarked on the finding: "I did not believe any sensible man could find against Mrs. Fitch, but that any talking was intended for that 'impossible' twelfth man, who might hang the jury on some piece of mere nonsense. It seems there were two of these 'impossible' men."

Daniel Dougherty, the intellectual giant and silver-tongued orator, pitted against Col. Ingersoll, made a wonderful speech in support of the case for the husband. His contest of oratory was listened to breathlessly by an immense audience, and tears were plentiful during both harangues.

Justice Barrett, cool, calm, clean cut in expression, delivered but a brief charge. He instructed the jury to find in favor of Mrs. Fitch on all but one of the charges. As to the one which had been testified to directly by several witnesses, and absolutely denied by Walter B. Peet and Mrs. Fitch, he said: "The jury must decide that some one had committed perjury."

But perjury on the part of the defendant would not settle the case. The charge is untrue, you involve Campbell, Flanagan and others in perjury, persecution and infamy.

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PERHAPS MURDER.

Mystery About the Man Found Shot in Carmansville Woods.

Now Presumed to Be an Irishman Named Halligan.

His Body Was Laid Out on the Ground as if Some One Had Carried It There.

With the exception of an EVENING WORLD reporter, no one called at the Morgue this morning to see the body of the man who was found dead with a bullet wound in the head in a heap of underbrush at Two Hundred and First street and Eleventh avenue at noon-time yesterday.

The body lay in a rough pine box and the face was turning black. The tongue protruded from the mouth and was tightly clinched between two rows of sound teeth, as if the unfortunate man had been choked to death.

The pit-to-shot wound is on the right side of the head near the temple. It is big and jagged looking. The hair is singed as if the pistol had been held within a few paces of the head.

The man was undoubtedly of Irish birth or descent, as his features are typical of his race. He was a good-looking man, about thirty-five years old, and his clothing was clean and wholesome.

His face was smooth, except for a long, light-brown mustache. Assistant Morgue Keeper Fogarty said this morning that he would keep the body until next Tuesday.

The police officer attending the body said that he had seen a stranger in the vicinity. The cut of his clothes and his hat betrayed this.

On the band of his drawers the letters "R. H." were stamped in ink, and on cards found in his pockets were printed the name: "Richard Halligan, La Crosse, Wis."

La Crosse, Wis., had been erased on one of the cards, and in place of it was written: "Care of A. Jurgens, 58 La Salle street, Chicago."

THE EVENING WORLD has received a message from Chicago saying that nothing could be learned of the man at that address. John Devoy thinks the man's name is Halligan, a resident of Chicago, and he is investigating on that theory.

Eight children have resulted from the marriage of whom four sons and a daughter are living. Mrs. Hayes exhibited much devotion and patriotism in attending wounded soldiers during the war, and has always manifested strong sympathy with the work of reformatory and philanthropic organizations.

Her husband, who was a native of Ireland, was a man of great energy and business capacity. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Amusement Company, and was one of the most successful men in the city.

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MRS. HAYES'S ILLNESS.

It Has Plunged Her Family Into Un-speakable Grief.

Anxious Watching by the Sick One's Bed at Fremont.

The Patient's Condition Serious, but Her Recovery Possible.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD)
FREMONT, O., June 22.—This morning found the family of Mrs. R. P. Hayes, wife of ex-President Hayes, all together at the mansion here, anxiously watching by the bedside of the stricken wife and mother.

The relations between Mrs. Hayes, her husband and her children have always been of the warmest nature, and the sudden and dangerous illness which has come so suddenly upon her has filled the family with unspeakable sorrow.

The shock by which Mrs. Hayes is prostrated was of an apoplectic nature, inducing paralysis of the right side. It was preceded by some premonitory symptoms, including a numbness in the right arm.

Although the patient's condition is undoubtedly serious, there is yet chance for her recovery, and on this chance her family founds its loving hopes.

Mrs. Hayes was sitting in her room, engaged upon some sewing, when the weakness came upon her. Something peculiar in her attitude at once attracted the attention of one of her sewing women who sat near her, and as she made no response to the woman's anxious inquiry, and was at once summoned and her condition was then ascertained.

Telegrams to Columbus, Cleveland and Toledo then quickly summoned Mr. Hayes and his sons, Richard and Webb. The other sons were already in Fremont.

Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes was born at Chillicothe, O., about fifty-six years ago, the daughter of Dr. James Webb. She was married to Mr. Hayes Dec. 30, 1852.

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FOR THE GIANTS.

A New Baseball Home Is Now Assured.

And 'Twill Be the Finest in this Big Country.

The Lynch Estate to Form the Club's New Grounds.

Men to Work Night and Day Until Everything Is Ready.

The news that the New York Giants were really to have a permanent home within the confines of Manhattan Island created boundless joy this morning among Gotham's great army of baseball cranks.

Yet, after mutual congratulations had been enthusiastically exchanged, doubt arose as to the truth of the story, there having already been so many disappointing rumors to the same effect.

Crack quoth to crack: "Do you think it's true?" Yes, O cranks and baseball fiends of this great municipality, there is no mistake about it this time.

Why, early this morning a vanguard of workmen was sent to the new grounds, and he it is, James J. Lynch, son-in-law, and he it is, who, aided and abetted by ex-Commissioner John D. Crimmins, the millionaire real estate agent, yesterday secured the Metropolitan Amusement Company a lease of the grounds for three years, with optional privilege to continue the same as long as both parties remain satisfied.

As there was no sort of disagreement at the meeting of the magnates yesterday, this practically means that these grounds will be the permanent abode of the Giants.

Mr. Crimmins has been awarded the contract for the grading. Architect Deery will do the fancy building and Carpenter Haight the heavy carpentry work.

And, by the way, all the contracts are virtually of the same kind.

President Day, representing the stockholders of the Metropolitan Amusement Company, has informed the gentlemen who have the contract to build the new grounds that the money their judgment dictates toward making these grounds pre-eminently the finest in the country and that the company will cheerfully foot the bill.

Orders have likewise been given that all work must be pushed with the utmost dispatch; that work is to be continued night and day, and that every exertion is to be made to have the grounds ready for occupancy by the latter part of next month.

On Monday morning Mr. Crimmins will turn a hundred and fifty men loose upon the grounds, to wage war with pick, shovel and spade.

Another gang of men will replace them to continue the work during the night. The work of the contractors is to continue simultaneously.

IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.
ALASKA, THE NEW SUMMER RESORT.
AT A DIME MUSEUM BEAUTY SHOW.
OLD-TIME NEGRO MINSTRELS.
BILL NIXON, THE RACE TRACK.
BELVA LOCKWOOD'S PARIS LETTER.
NEW YORK'S COLONY OF EX-PRIZE-FIGHTERS.
NELLIE BLY LEARNS TO RIDE THE BICYCLE
And Writes of the Charms of this Sport for Women.

BEER KILLED HIM.

Little Alexander McKenna Dies from Alcoholism.

Found Unconscious and Dying in a Lumber Yard.

He Drank the Beer Some Men Sent Him For.

In a little frame cottage in the rear of 411 Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, there was a little coffin this morning, and a gray-haired woman and four little children were weeping over it. In the coffin, with an innocent and intelligent face, lay a little lad only eleven years old, who had died of alcoholism.

In the corner sat his father, a stalwart longshoreman, weeping.

The uncarpeted room was neat and clean and religious pictures were on the walls, together with a picture illustrating Irish patriotism.

The dead boy, Alexander McKenna, was a bright little fellow, and went every day to Grammar School No. 27, where Miss McCune was his teacher.

Thursday morning he started for school, but did not come home at noon. He was at school all day and left with the other children at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

At 4 o'clock he was standing in the street near his home, when a neighbor asked him to go on an errand. Being an obliging boy, he went.

Then some men working on the Gowanus Canal, near by, asked him to get them a can of beer. He obliged them several times, and on each occasion he drank some of it.

He had never drank beer before in his life, and as he had not had any dinner he drank it on an empty stomach.

Within two hours from the time he started for the first can of beer he was unconscious and dying.

About 6 o'clock in the evening, his younger brother, Philip McKenna, ten years old, and a Philip Best, eight years old, were walking on the ground in a lumber yard near the canal, when Philip Best exclaimed: "Oh! look at your brother."

Philip looked around and saw his brother lying on the ground with blood flowing from the back of his head.

He went to him and said: "Alexander! get up!" Alexander's eyes were staring and wide open. He died.

LAST EDITION VILLAGE WIPED OUT

Lone Star, Missouri, Struck by a Destroying Cyclone.

Three People Killed and Many Others Badly Injured.

Union Township and Parnell City Also Visited by the Terror.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD)
KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 22.—Reports of terrible storms through the State were received here this morning, having been delayed through the prostrations of telegraph wires.

LONE STAR WIPED OUT.
The little village of Lone Star, in Gentry County, was wiped almost out of existence by a cyclone Thursday afternoon and the surrounding country devastated.

Three persons were killed outright and a half dozen more probably fatally injured. It is impossible to estimate the damage done, but it will amount to thousands of dollars.

At 2.30 p. m. two funnel-shaped clouds appeared in the southwest, traveling rapidly and very low down.

The frame residence of H. P. Williams, three miles east of Albany, was struck and completely demolished.

Nothing of the building was left standing except a corner post.

The nine-year-old son and the mother-in-law of Williams, Mrs. Crispin, were killed outright, and Mrs. Williams and three small children were fatally injured.

Immediately east of the residence of Mr. Williams was that of Mr. Millon. It was right in the cyclone's track and was swept from the face of the earth in a twinkling.

The timber composing country Mr. Millon and his family had seen the approach of the storm and taken refuge in a cyclone cave, and all escaped injury.

Moving on, the two great clouds wheeled down on the village of Lone Star, destroying the storehouse of A. C. Townsend, the Baptist church, and almost every residence in the place.

Mr. Townsend, who is also the Postmaster, was fatally injured, as was Mrs. George Stinson.

More than sixty people were rendered homeless in an instant by the storm, and many were slightly injured.

NEW BRIDGE TRUSTEES.

SEVEN NEW YORKERS APPOINTED BY MAYOR GRANT AND HIS COLLEAGUES.

Of the eight New York trustees of the Brooklyn Bridge, seven were appointed by Mayor Grant, Comptroller Myers and President Arnold, of the Board of Aldermen, to-day.

The appointees are: Edward B. Skinner, American Passenger Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railroad; John J. McHenry, who was first assistant under Chief Engineer Koebeling in the construction of the bridge.

James G. Lawrence, a lawyer, having an office at 54 William street.

Edmund C. Smith, manager of the Metropolitan Office House.

Isidor Wormser, of the banking firm of I. & S. Wormser.

Abraham Schwab, of the New York Novelty (dress goods) Company, of Greene street.

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The start was a beautiful one, but the race down the West Bank was truly magnificent. Katrina was the first to go over. She had mainmast, foremast, jib, bowsprit and gaff-rigged sail, every stick pulling and tugging at her spars like little demons, with her lee rail buried far under the swirling foam that was thrown from her sharp prow.

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BASEBALL STANDINGS THIS MORNING.

National League.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Boston	31	10	750
Chicago	29	12	685
Pittsburgh	28	13	670
Philadelphia	27	14	655
New York	26	15	640

American Association.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
St. Louis	30	11	690
Cincinnati	28	13	675
Indianapolis	27	14	660
Baltimore	26	15	645
Washington	25	16	630

Atlantic Association.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Jersey City	24	11	590
Hartford	23	12	575
Newark	22	13	560
Paterson	21	14	545
New York	20	15	530

A Year Ago To-Day.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Chicago	31	14	698
Brooklyn	30	15	683
Pittsburgh	29	16	668
Philadelphia	28	17	653
New York	27	18	638

Baseball To-Day.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
New York at Cleveland.			
Boston at Pittsburgh.			
Philadelphia at Chicago.			
Washington at Indianapolis.			
Baltimore at Brooklyn.			
Cincinnati at Philadelphia.			
St. Louis at Louisville.			
Kansas City at Cincinnati.			
Atlantic Association.			
Jersey City at New York.			
Hartford at Worcester.			
Newark at Hartford.			
Paterson at New Haven.			

MRS. RICE'S FATAL MISTAKE.

SHE GAVE HER LITTLE DAUGHTER CARBOLIC ACID FOR MEDICINE.

Dr. Thomas J. Rice, a surgeon dentist at 165 East Fifty-sixth street, reported at the Coroner's office this morning that his ten-year-old daughter, Agnes Rice, had died from the effects of poison.

The child, he said, had been sick for some time, and Mrs. Rice gave her a dose of carbolie acid in mistake for medicine.

An investigation will be made by the Coroner.

WILL MAKE IT A HOT RACE.

SEVENTY BURIED IN RUINS.

SERIOUS MINE DISASTERS CAUSED BY CARELESS HANDLING OF A LAMP.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)
MELBOURNE, June 22.—News of a serious mining disaster at Newcastle has reached this city.

Through the carelessness of a miner in entering a shaft with a naked lamp, an explosion of fire-damp ensued, demolishing the shaft walls and burying seventy miners in the ruins.

The not yet known how many of these are still alive, and though rescuing parties were at once organized it is now thought doubtful whether any will be taken out alive.

FOUND WITH HIS THROAT CUT.

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